



NO. 14

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# GHOST RIDER

and

GHOST RIDER



**THE FASTEST MAN  
IN THE WEST!**

Agard-





WEB COMIC  
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# GHOST RIDER

THE



A MURDERER WAS AT LARGE—A FIEND WHO STRUCK DOWN VICTIM AFTER VICTIM, AND ALWAYS LEFT THE CORPSES WITH THEIR SHIRTS RIPPED OPEN AND THEIR CHESTS EXPOSED! WAS HE A MADMAN... OR WAS THERE SOME GRIM PURPOSE BEHIND HIS MACABRE MISDEEDS?

SO BENUMBED WAS THE TERRITORY WITH TERROR, ITS GOOD PEOPLE WERE CERTAIN THAT NOT EVEN THE GHOST RIDER COULD SOLVE

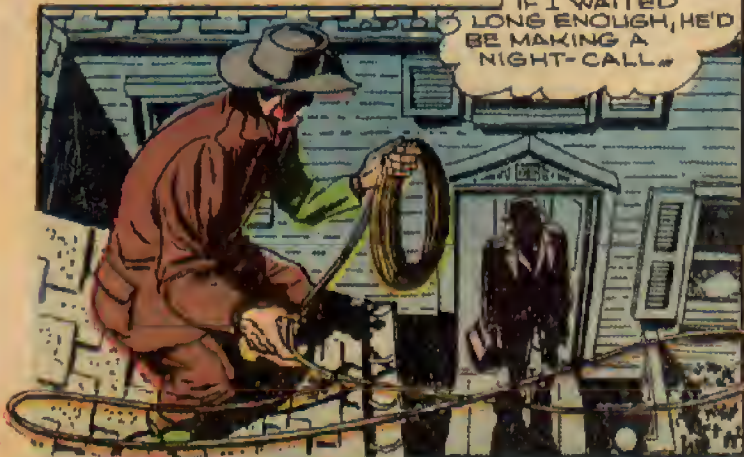
THE  
TREASURE  
CHEST  
MURDERS!

OR-108

ON A DREARY MOONLESS NIGHT IN DALTON CITY, THE MURDERER MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE!

THERE COMES THE DOCTOR NOW! I KNEW IF I WAITED LONG ENOUGH, HE'D BE MAKING A NIGHT-CALL.

THE LASSO HISSES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE AIR, SETTLES ONTO THE DOCTOR'S SHOULDERS, AND THEN TIGHTENS INTO A DEADLY NOOSE!





THE DOCTOR HANGS THERE, LIMP NOW, SWAYING IN THE BREEZE...



...BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THE GHOST RIDER, EVER-VIGILANT IN HIS CEASELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST EVIL, HAS COME GALLOPING OUT OF THE NIGHT WITH HIS BLAZING SIX-SHOOTER!



DEAD... AND THE CULPRIT HAS FLED OVER THE ROOFTOP! I SHALL NOT REST TILL THAT FOUL MURDERER IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!



A WEEK HAS PASSED...

LOOKS LIKE THUH GALLOOT THET KILLED THUH DOC AIN'T NEVER GONNA GIT CAUGHT!

YEAH— AN' MEANWHILE THUH TERRITORY'S WITHOUT A SAWBONES!

HEY, LOOK— HERE COMES THUH STAGE!



GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF— I'M ALBERT KETCHUM, MEDICAL DOCTOR. I AIM TO SET UP OFFICE HERE IN DALTON CITY, AND JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED, I'M OFFERING A FREE MEDICAL EXAMINATION TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN THE TERRITORY!



THE NEW DOCTOR'S GENEROUS OFFER IS ACCEPTED BY ALL THE WOMEN-FOLK WHO DRAG THEIR CHILDREN ALONG WITH THEM. BUT THE MEN HANG BACK...

AIN'T NO NEED FER A GROWN MAN TO SEE A SAWBONES 'LESS HE'S FULL OF BUCKSHOT OR BUMPYHIN'!

YUH'RE DURNED RIGHT!



AND SHORTLY AFTERWARD, ON A NIGHT WHEN THE MOON IS OBSCURED BY THICK BLACK CLOUDS, THE MURDERER STALKS HIS SECOND VICTIM...







THIS TIME HE BENDS DOWN — AND A MOMENT LATER, CLOTH RIPE HISsingly AS HE BARES HIS VICTIM'S CHEST!



A WEEK LATER, THE MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN!



AND AGAIN AS HE RUNS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS... HIS VICTIM'S CHEST IS LEFT BARE!

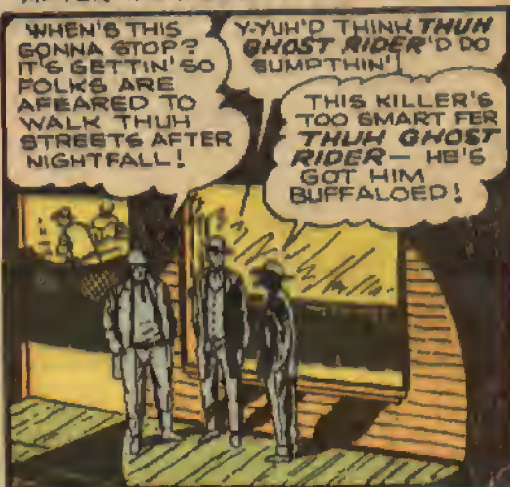


AFTER THE FOURTH MURDER —

WHEN'S THIS GONNA STOP? IT'S GETTIN' SO FOLKS ARE AFRAID TO WALK THUH STREETS AFTER NIGHTFALL!

Y-YUH'D THINK THUH GHOST RIDER'D DO SUMPTHIN'!

THIS KILLER'S TOO SMART FER THUH GHOST RIDER — HE'S GOT HIM BUFFALOED!



LAYING ASIDE HIS GHOST RIDER REGALIA, REX FURY, FEDERAL MARSHAL, TALKS WITH THE SHERIFF THE NEXT DAY...

GLAD YUH CAME, FURY. I SHORE NEED YORE HELP IN TRACKIN' DOWN THIS KILLER!

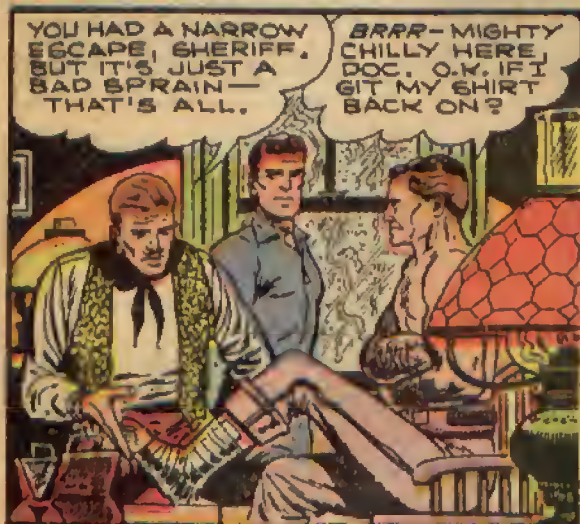
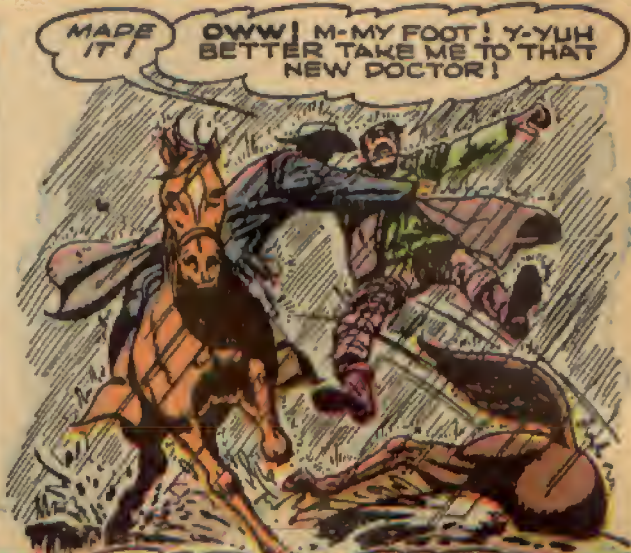
IF WE ONLY KNEW, HOW HE CHOOSES HIS VICTIMS! OUR ONLY CLUE SO FAR IS THAT HE'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ON THEIR CHESTS!



EITHER THAT, OR HE'S A LUNAT! — HEY! THET LIGHTNIN'-BOLT'S SHEERED MY MOUNT!









BUT THEN—!

GOT A GRIP ON THAT LEDGE JUST IN TIME!



HE'S GETTING AWAY! I'M TOO WEAK TO GIVE CHASE NOW— BUT I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW WHO HE IS! AND, AS THE GHOST RIDER, I'LL BE COMING FOR HIM... AFTER MIDNIGHT!



AFTER MIDNIGHT—

IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, THE SCOURGE OF TERROR WILL BE ENDED WITHIN AN HOUR! BUT BEFORE ENTERING THE CULPRIT'S HOUSE, I MUST PREPARE SOME SPECTRAL EFFECTS...



LATER—

MY GRAVE YAWNS, BLACK AND EMPTY, IN THE MOONLIGHT... AND ONLY AFTER I HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO JUSTICE, SHALL I REST THERE IN PEACE AGAIN! CONFESS, FIEND, THE WHY OF YOUR FOUL MURDERS!



TH-THERE'S NOTHING TO CONFESS! YOU HAVE THE WRONG MAN!

YOU LIE! THE VERY EARTH KNOWS THAT YOU LIE! HEAR ITS ANGRY RUMBLES AS IT PRONOUNCES YOUR GUILT!



TH-THE HOUSE IS SHAKING! AND ALL TH-THAT SMOKE! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?!

RUMBLE!



I PLANTED A SMALL DYNAMITE CHARGE AND SOME SMOKE BOMBS UNDER THE HOUSE BEFORE ENTERING...

WILL YOU SPEAK NOW? WILL YOU TELL WHY YOU KILLED MAN AFTER MAN... AND BARED EACH VICTIM'S CHEST?!





I-I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING! JUST STAND BACK! D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER! IT ALL STARTED THREE MONTHS AGO...



"OLD SAM EVART WAS A TATTOO ARTIST IN THE TOWN WHERE I HAD MY LAST OFFICE. ONE NIGHT..."

WH-WHUT DO YUH WANT?

GET YOUR TOOLS READY, OLD MAN! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU TO DO!



COPY THIS MAP WITH RED INK ONTO MY CHEST! THEN CAMOUFLAGE THE TATTOO WITH BLUE INK! AND DON'T FORGET WHILE YOU'RE WORKING - I'LL SHOOT TO KILL AT THE FIRST FALSE MOVE!



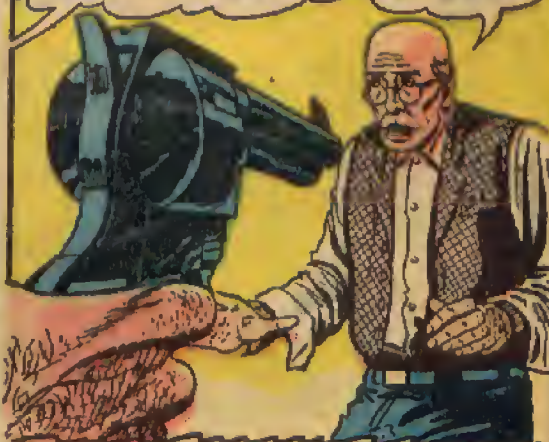
LOOKS FINE! I KILLED A MAN TO GET THIS MAP OF HIS GOLD MINE... AND I FIGURE MY CHEST IS THE BEST HIDING PLACE IN CASE HIS KIN COME TO DALTON CITY AFTER ME! I'LL GO FOR THE GOLD AFTER EVERYTHING'S COOLED DOWN...

WH-WHY ARE YUH TELLIN' ME ALL THIS?!



BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY ELSE!

N-NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT!



AARGH!



"THE KILLER GOT AWAY. BUT I'D BEEN RIDING BY ON A NIGHT CALL. I HEARD THE SHOT, AND RUSHED IN TO FIND OLD SAM DYING..."

SAM - WHO DID THIS TO YOU?!

M-MASHED MAN...? GASP! FROM DALTON CITY...





BEFORE SAM DIED, HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW - AND WHILE LISTENING TO HIM, THE THOUGHT OF THAT **GOLD** TURNED MY HEAD! I'D BEEN WORKING HARD ALL MY LIFE - AND HAD NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT! I KNEW THE MAN WITH THE TATTOO LIVED IN DALTON CITY! SO I STOLE INTO TOWN AND KILLED THE DOCTOR!!!



"THEN I CAME AGAIN BY STAGE, KNOWING THE TERRITORY WOULD NEED A NEW DOCTOR. I GAVE FREE EXAMINATIONS, HOPING I'D FIND THE TATTOO THAT, WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, I BEGAN TO KILL, ALWAYS IN SEARCH OF THE CHEST THAT HAD THE TREASURE MAP ON IT!

THE CLUE THAT LED ME HERE WAS HIS MAKING THE SHERIFF STRIP TO THE WAIST WHEN IT WAS HIS FOOT NEEDED EXAMINING! BUT ONLY WHEN I WAS ATTACKED LATER, DID IT BECOME CLEAR TO ME!



AS THE CONFESSION HAS BEEN POURING THROUGH HIS LIPS, THE TREACHEROUS DOCTOR HAS BEEN REACHING BACK INTO THE SHADOWS FOR A BOTTLE OF ACID! AND NOW!



AS THE GHOST RIDER STANDS THERE, THE SEARING ACID DOES ITS HORRIBLE WORK!



I'LL GET AWAY WITH IT AFTER ALL! I'M STILL FREE TO FIND THE MAN WITH THE MAP ON HIS CHEST!



BUT THEN—!

FOOL! ACID CANNOT HARM THE ALREADY DEAD! YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE GALLOWS!

AIEEE!

LATER—

MY MASK IS THICK... AND ALTHOUGH THE ACID ATE IT AWAY, IT NEVER TOUCHED MY FACE! THE VILLAIN IS AWAITING TRIAL NOW, AND HE WILL NEVER KNOW THAT THE MAN WITH THE TATTOO WAS HIS VERY FIRST VICTIM, THE OTHER DOCTOR, WHOSE CHEST HE DID NOT HAVE TIME TO EXAMINE BECAUSE THE GHOST RIDER HAD INTERVENED!



THE END



# TALES *of the* GHOST RIDER

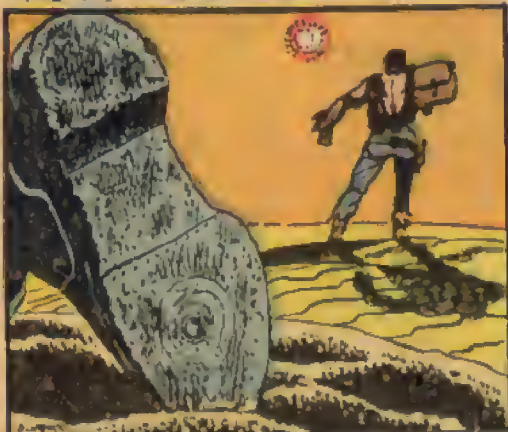
## MY TWO FRIENDS!





"THE FRIEND WHO IS STILL ALIVE HAS FLED NOW INTO THE DESERT... BUT I REMAIN BEHIND... TO TEND TO HIS VICTIM'S BODY..."

"HOURS LATER... AND I HAVE REJOINED MY LIVING FRIEND... THE DESERT STRETCHES ENDLESSLY BEFORE HIM... BUT HE DOES NOT HAVE FAR TO GO... MY FRIEND MAY NOT KNOW IT— BUT DEATH IS VERY NEAR..."

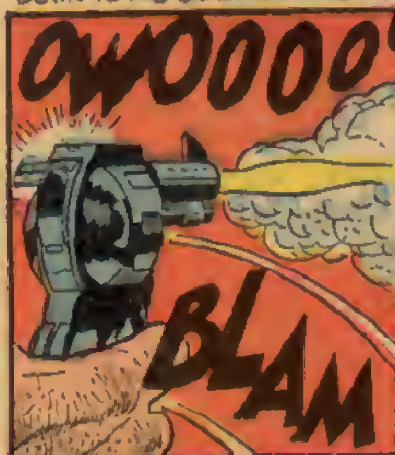


"DARKNESS COMES... AND MY FRIEND BURROWS INTO THE SAND AND FALLS ASLEEP... BUT THE DESERT NEVER SLEEPS— AND NOW... CREEPING STEALTHILY FORWARD IN THE DARK, COME SILENT QUICK-FOOTED SHADOWS..."

"JACKALS! SNIFFING, GLAVERING JACKALS WITH THEIR FANGS BARED TO SHRED MY FRIEND'S FLESH TO STRIPS... WILL HE GET UP IN TIME? WILL HE...?"



"BUT BEFORE THE PACK LEAPS, ONE OF THEM PAUSES TO HOWL AT THE MOON... AND AT THAT MOMENT, MY FRIEND'S EYES BLINK OPEN... WITH THE SPEED OF A SNAKE, HIS HAND FLASHES DOWN TO HIS SIDE... AND THEN..."



"AND THE JACKALS FLEE SCREAMING INTO THE NIGHT..."

"IT IS MORNING NOW... I AM WITH MY FRIEND AGAIN... AS HE MOVES PAINFULLY FORWARD... DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE BLAZING SUN..."





"MY FRIEND HAS A GREAT THIRST. HE MAKES A STRANGE CHOKING SOUND AS HE WALKS ..."

I...GASP!- I'D GIVE ALL THIS GOLD...  
GASP! FOR JUST ONE GLASS OF COLD CLEAR WATER ...



"BUT THE DESERT DOES NOT ANSWER. IN THE DESERT, THERE ARE ONLY MY FRIEND, MYSELF, THE ENDLESS SANDS, AND THE BONES OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED BEFORE ..."



"MY FRIEND'S TONGUE IS SWOLLEN. HIS MOUTH IS HOT AND DRY INSIDE, LIKE A BLAZING FURNACE ..."



"HIS EYES ARE STREAKED WITH BLOOD, BUT HE KEEPS STAGGERING FORWARD, UNTIL SUDDENLY—!"



WATER!  
THAT'S WATER  
AHEAD! AN' A  
SHADY TREE  
TO LAY DOWN  
UNDER...!



"I CANNOT UNDERSTAND MY FRIEND...! ONE MOMENT, HE CRIES ALOUD GLEEFULLY AND SPENDS HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN A GENGELESS DASH FORWARD— AND THE NEXT MOMENT, HE LIES ON THE GROUND, GROANING WITH ANGUISH ..."

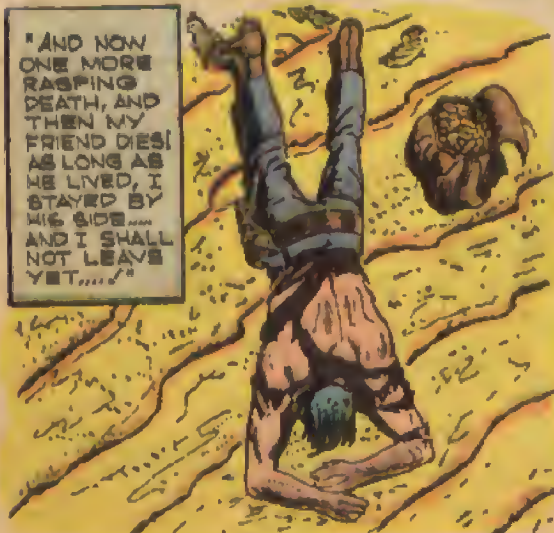
NO... NO!  
IT CAIN'T  
BE ...

BUT  
IT IS!

I WAS  
FOOLED  
BY A  
MIRAGE!



"AND NOW ONE MORE RASPING DEATH, AND THEN MY FRIEND DIES! AS LONG AS HE LIVED, I STAYED BY HIS SIDE... AND I SHALL NOT LEAVE YET...!"



I STILL  
HAVE TO TEND  
TO HIS  
BODY!



THE  
END





# LIVE TOY CIRCUS

With Performing CHAMELEON - - FREE!

Now — for the first time ever — you can have a real live circus of your own. Just dozens of fine toys, each wonderful in itself, make up this circus set for the "Greatest Show on Earth." You and your friends can have hours of fun setting up the props for the circus, placing the Ringmaster, clowns, performing animals, and wild animal cages for the many exciting acts. You can even put on a real live trained animal act with the live, performing chameleon who will walk a tight rope, swing on a trapeze and change color right before your eyes from bright green to brown and back again.

Just look at all the things you get for only \$1.00. Big Circus Ring, Wild Animal Cages, colorful plastic animals, Kangaroo with baby in pouch, clowns, Ringmaster, Chameleon Leash and Mallet, Performing Platform, Tight Rope and Poles, Trapeze, 27 Wonderful pieces in all PLUS — FREE — THE LIVE PERFORMING CHAMELEON, who will not only act in your circus but will make a fine pet too.

Order today at our risk. If you are not satisfied that here is the best toy — the most fun ever — then just return it after 10 days free trial for a full refund of the purchase price — and keep the Chameleon as our gift to you.

only

**\$1.00**

**ALL THIS INCLUDED  
FOR ONLY \$1.00**

15 animals from our wide assortment including Clowns, Bears drinking a bottle of milk, Bunnies, Elephants, Horses, Lions, Tigers, Kangaroos, Monkeys, Deer, Flying Fish, Giraffes, Pelicans and other birds. 10 are made of bright, colorful break-resistant plastic.

- 3 Cages on wheels
- 1 Tightrope
- 1 Ring Master with Whip
- 15 Circus Animals
- 1 Trapeze
- 1 Circus Ring
- 1 Clown
- 1 Chameleon Leash and Mallet
- 1 Performing Platform
- 1 Set Poles for Tightrope

You get 27 pieces in all, including simple instructions — AND THE LIVE CHAMELEON FREE!



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Performing  
Chameleon  
included  
FREE**

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# THE GHOST RIDER



HE HAD FOUGHT A THOUSAND TIMES AGAINST MEN DRIVEN BY GREED OR THE LUST FOR POWER, AND HE HAD ALWAYS BESTED THEM! BUT THIS TIME THE GHOST RIDER'S ADVERSARY WAS A MAN WHOSE EVERY FIBER BURNED WITH DIABOLIC FURY! THIS TIME HE WAS PITTED AGAINST...

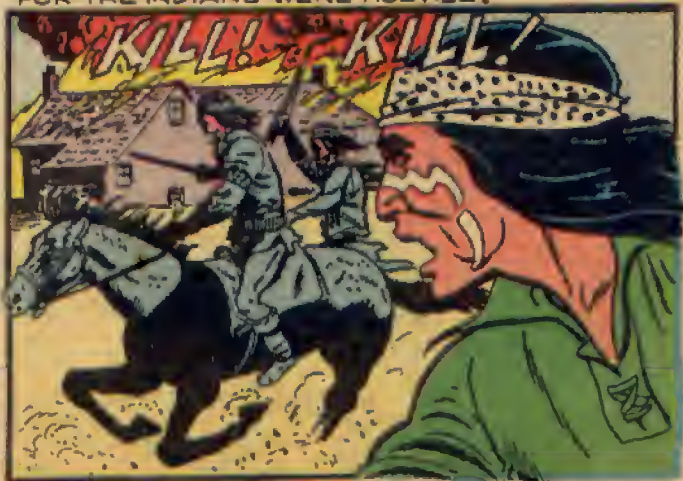
"THE MAN WHO HATED!"

THERE WAS A VALLEY— GREEN, FERTILE, AND SPARSELY SETTLED BY INDIANS. BUT ONE DAY, A COVERED WAGON TRUNOLED DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...

JEFF ROBERTS WAS RIGHT. THE GREEN VALLEY BECKONED... AND MORE SETTLERS CAME. THEY BUILT THEIR HOUSES AND FENCED OFF THEIR GRAZING LAND. BUT THERE WAS NO PEACE... FOR THE INDIANS WERE HOSTILE!

JEFF, I-I DON'T LIKE IT! IF WE SETTLE HERE, WE'LL BE ALL ALONE!

NOT FER LONG, MAMIE— THUH LAND'S TOO GREEN. THAR'LL BE OTHERS COMIN' RIGHT SOON.





US VALLEY FOLK HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER! IF WE TRY FIGHTIN' OFF THUH INJUNS SINGLE HANDED, WE'LL BE WIPED OUT, ONE BY ONE! NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN... THUH NEXT TIME ONE OF US IS ATTACKED, LET HIM FIRE HIS GUN THREE TIMES REAL FAST! THAT'LL BE A SIGNAL FER EVERYBODY ELSE TO GANG-UP AN' COME RIDIN'!

SOUNDS SENSIBLE TO ME, JEFF!

I'M WITH YUH!



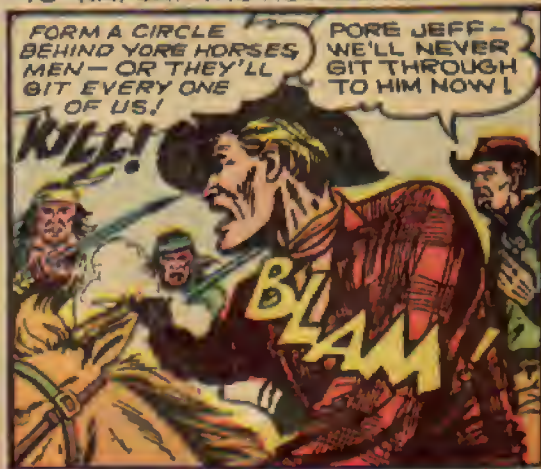
SO FOR A TIME, THE VALLEY FOLK HELD OFF THE INDIANS, BUT ONE NIGHT, OUTSIDE JEFF ROBERTS' RANCH...



AS THE FIRST FLAMING ARROW THWACKED INTO THE LINTEL, JEFF GAVE THE SIGNAL!

AND THE OTHER VALLEY FOLK GATHERED GRIMLY TOGETHER AND RODE HARD TO THE RESCUE!

BUT THE INDIANS HAD PLAYED IT SMART THIS TIME! THEY HAD STATIONED AN AMBUSHING PARTY TO WAYLAY THE RESCUERS!



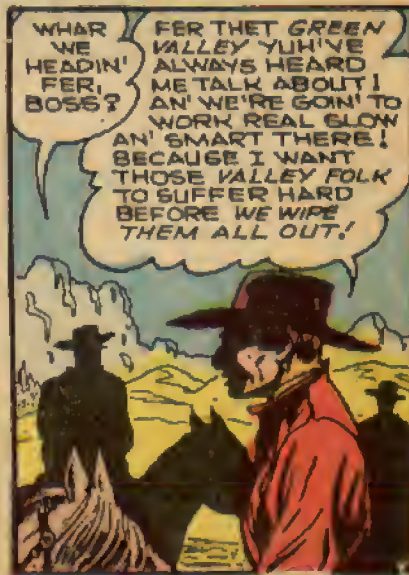
BY THE TIME MORNING CAME, JEFF ROBERTS' RANCH WAS A SMOULDERING RUIN - AND OF THE WHOLE FAMILY, ONLY YOUNG CLEM WAS STILL ALIVE!

AND SO YOUNG CLEM LEFT THE VALLEY WITH HATRED TWISTING HIS HEART! AND AS THE YEARS PASSED, THAT SAME HATRED KEPT SOURING HIM AND TURNING HIM AGAINST THE LAW... TILL AT LAST HE BECAME A NOTORIOUS GANG LEADER!

THEN ONE NIGHT...



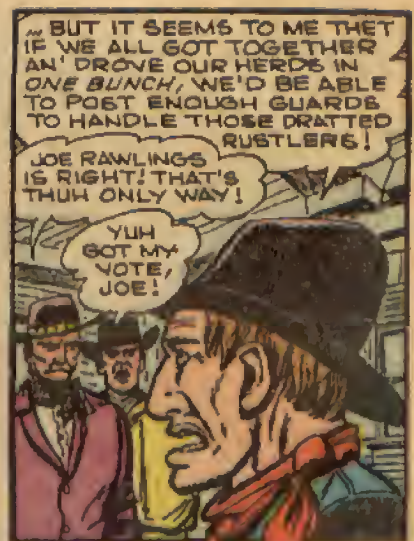
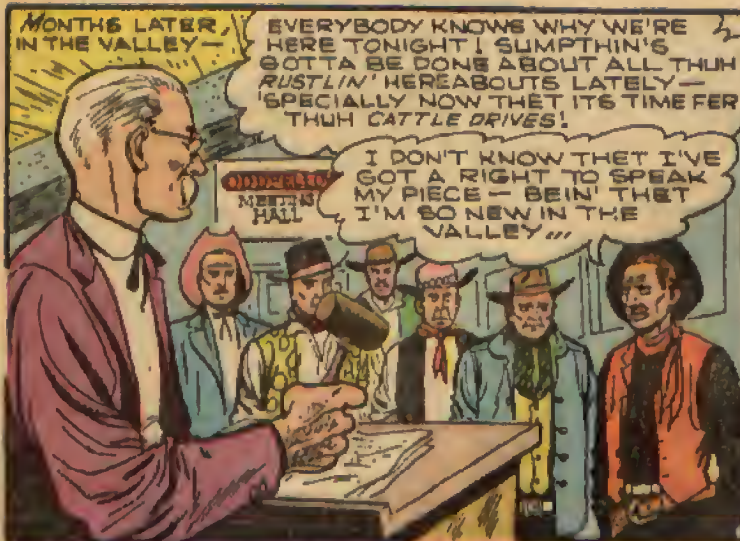
PAW GAVE THUH SIGNAL - BUT THEY DIDN'T COME! THEY STAYED AWAY ON PURPOSE SO WE'D ALL GIT KILLED... AN' THEY COULD PARCEL-UP OUR RANCH!



WHAR WE HEADIN' FER, BOSS?

FER THET GREEN VALLEY YUH'VE ALWAYS HEARD ME TALK ABOUT! AN' WE'RE GOIN' TO WORK REAL SLOW AN' SMART THERE! BECAUSE I WANT THOSE VALLEY FOLK TO SUFFER HARD BEFORE WE WIFE THEM ALL OUT!





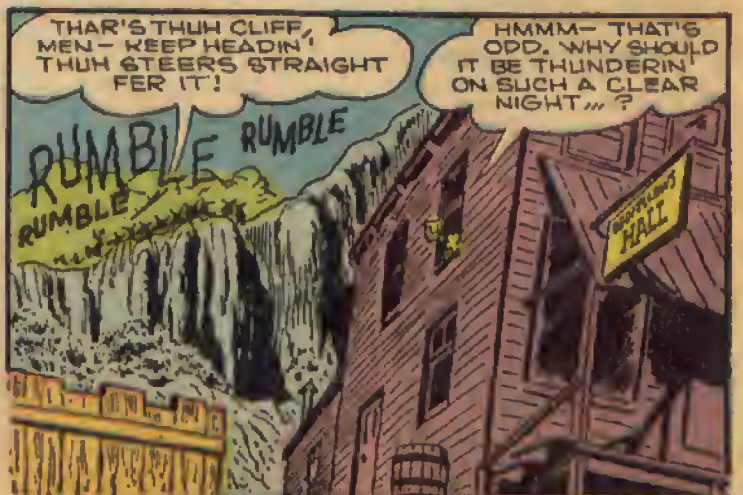
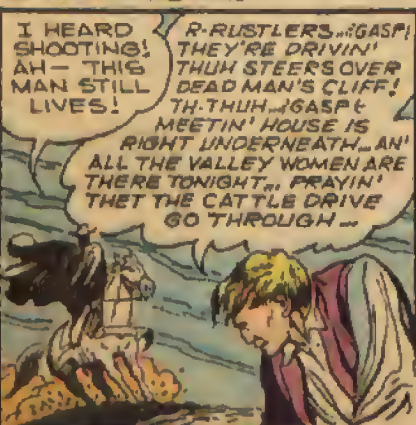
THE BIG CATTLE DRIVE IS ON NOW!



THE SIGNAL HAS BEEN GIVEN!



PRODDED BY THE RUSTLERS, THE BAWLING STEERS THUNDER UP THE PASS! BUT BACK AT THE SITE OF THE RAID—







BUT THEN—



THE DRUMMING  
HOOF'S OF MY  
SPECTRE  
BROUGHT ME  
HERE BEFORE  
THE HERD— AND  
I HAD TIME TO  
LAY THE TRAIL  
OF GUNPOWDER!



THAT'S THUH  
VARMINT THET  
SHEERED THUH  
HERD AWAY  
FROM THUH  
CLIFF.

EVERYBODY  
TOGETHER—  
SHOOT TO  
KILL!



NO SIGN OF  
HIM— HE  
MUST'VE  
FALLEN  
OVER THUH  
CLIFF!

THEN THUH NIGHT'S  
WORK WASN'T WASTED!  
THET WAS THUH  
GHOST RIDER! WITH  
HIM OUT OF THUH WAY,  
NUTHIN'S GONNA STOP  
THUH BOSS FROM  
CARRYIN' OUT HIS PLAN  
TO WIPE OUT ALL THUH  
VALLEY FOLK!



AT THAT  
MOMENT—

THAT WAS CLOSE! IF NOT  
FOR THE SWIRLING GUN-  
POWDER SMOKE, THE  
FOUL VILLAINS WOULD HAVE  
SEEN ME DIVING FOR THE  
UNDERBELLY OF THIS  
STEER!



LATER—

WHUT  
DO WE DO  
NEXT,  
BOSS?

LET THUH VALLEY  
FOLK WORK ON  
ROUNDIN' UP THEIR  
STEERS! WHILE  
THEY'RE BUSY  
DOIN' THAT, THERE'LL  
BE NOBODY TO STOP  
US FROM FIRIN'  
THEIR RANCHES—  
ONE AFTER THUH  
OTHER!

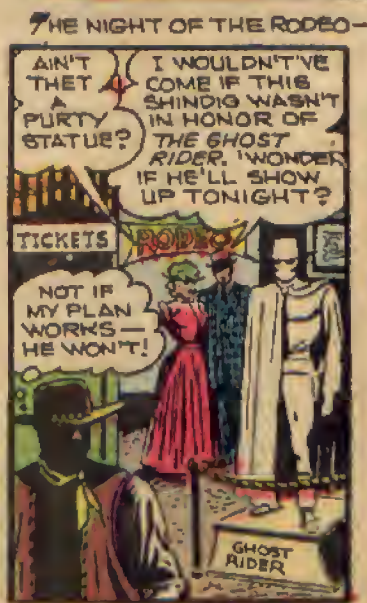
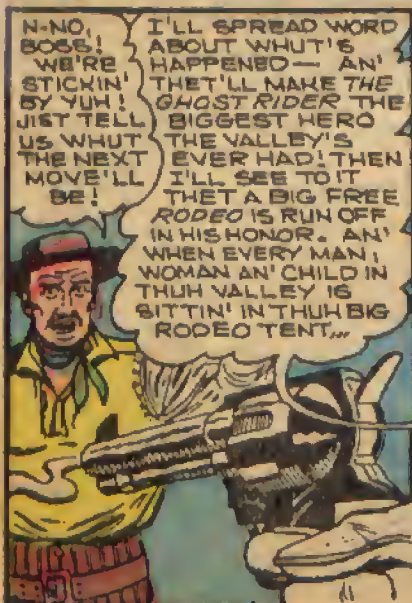
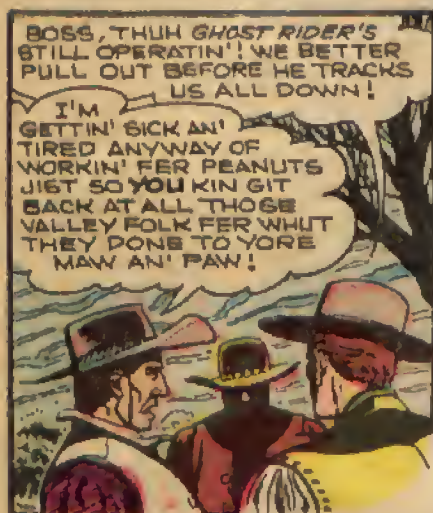
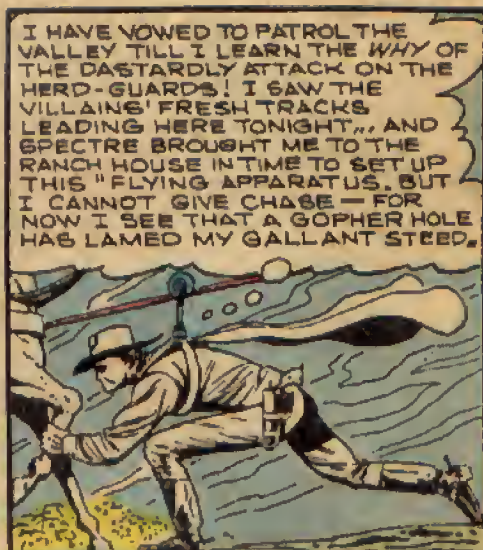


THE  
NEXT  
NIGHT—

NOT TOO MUCH NOISE  
NOW! THUH BOSS WANTS  
EVERYBODY INSIDE TO  
BE TRAPPED BY THE  
FLAMES!



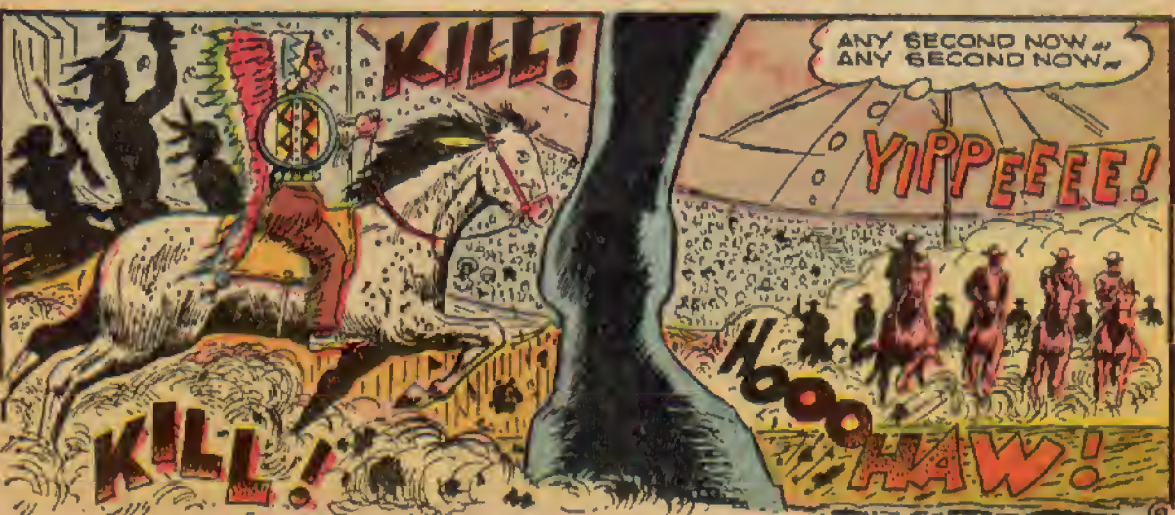
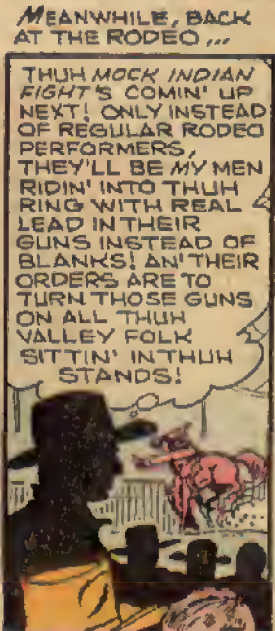
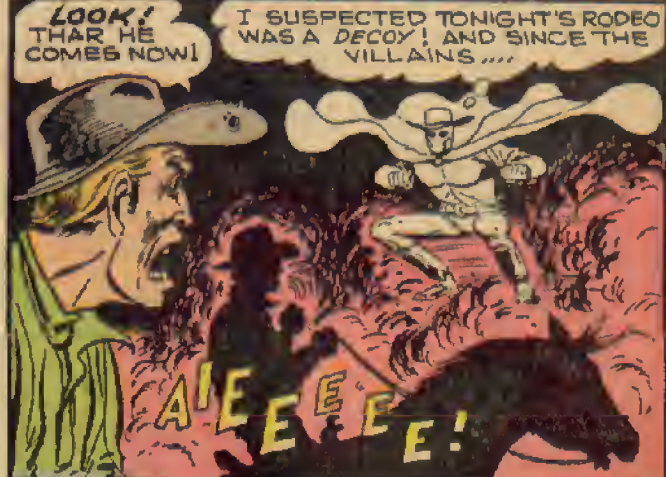




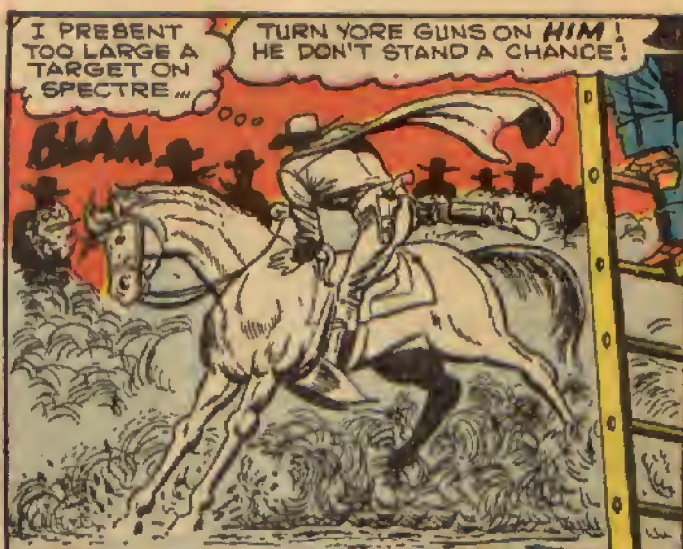




AS THE VILLAINS SET FIRE TO THE SECOND RANCH—

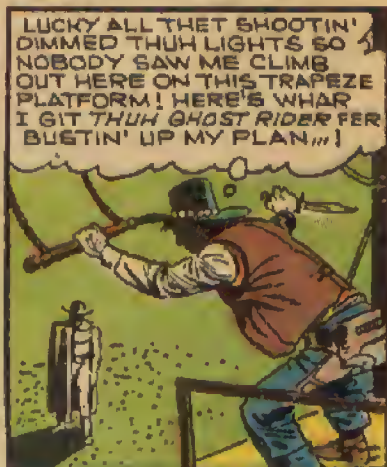
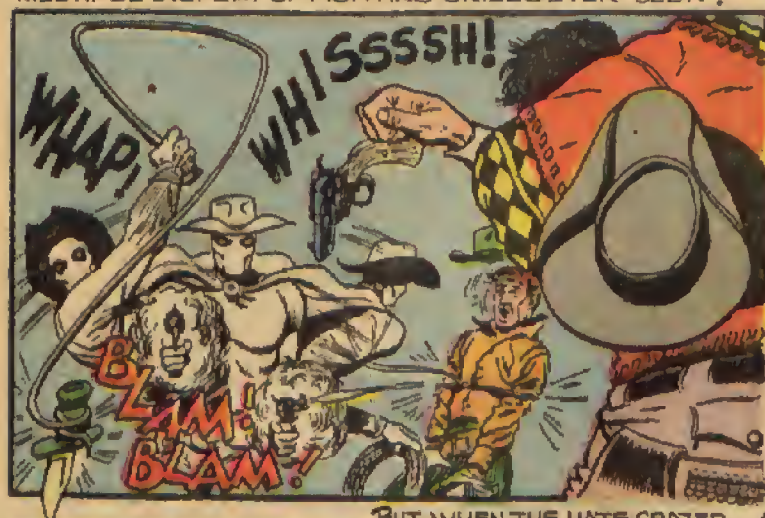






**BUT THE GHOST RIDER IS THE FASTEST MAN IN THE WEST!** AND WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE GREATEST MULTIPLE DISPLAY OF FIGHTING SKILLS EVER SEEN!

WHEN IT ENDS, THE VALLEY FOLK, THINKING IT PART OF THE SHOW, RISE TO THEIR FEET TO CHEER WILDLY!



EVERYONE GASPS WITH HORROR AT THE SIGHT OF THEIR IMPALED HERO!

**BUT WHEN THE HATE CRAZED FIEND REACHES THE ZENITH OF HIS FATAL ARC —**

HURLED OVER A CLIFF, MY CHEST CLEAVED BY YOUR KNIFE... I RISE AGAIN IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!



IT'S JOE RAWLINGS—THUH NEW RANCHER! HE'S THUH ONE THET'S BEEN BEHIND ALL THUH TROUBLE IN THUH VALLEY LATELY!

AND SO WHEN THE GHOST RIDER FINALLY GALLOPS OFF INTO THE NIGHT AGAIN, PEACE HAS COME AT LAST TO THE GREEN VALLEY...

WHEN THE TENT LIGHTS WERE AT THEIR DIMMEST, I PULLED THE STATUE IN FROM OUTSIDE, KNOWING THE ENRAGED VILLAIN WOULD MAKE AN ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE!



THE END



# ALL TIME FAVORITES—SMASH VALUES

COULD YOU USE \$1,000,000.00?

Would like to Hand  
You the Million —  
But You Realize  
That's Impossible



BUT WE CAN MAKE  
YOU HEALTHY WITH  
HIP POCKET  
GYM WEIGHS  
ONLY  
1 1/2 lbs.



Put On Muscle Take Off Fat

MR. AMERICA USES  
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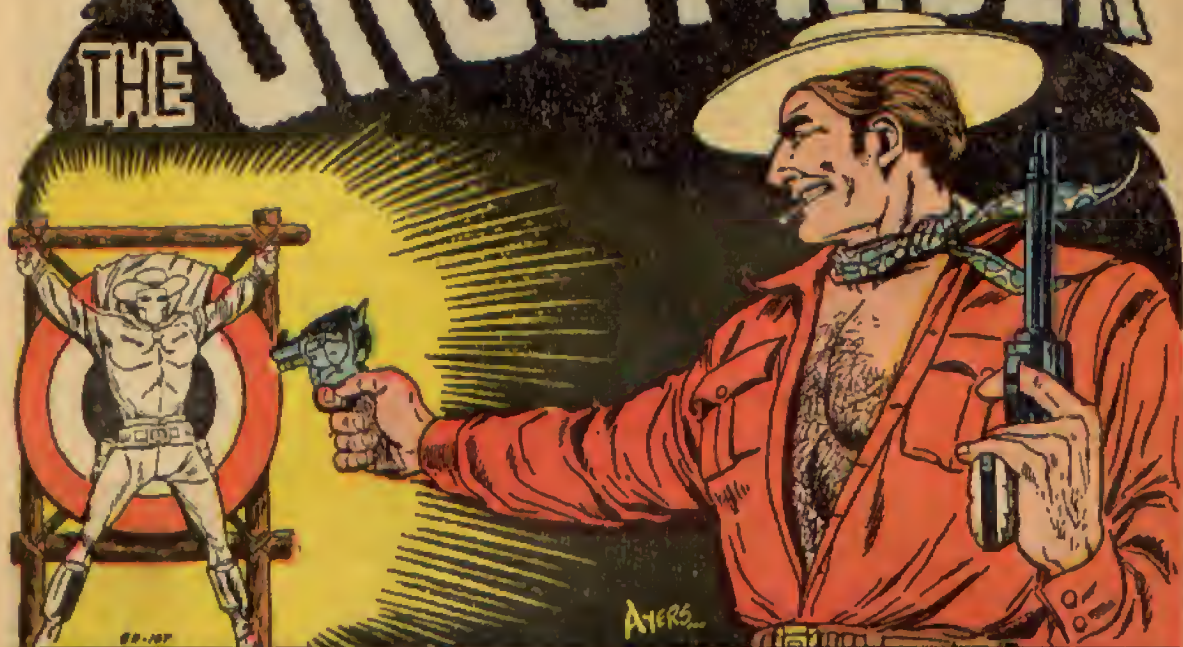
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# GHOST RIDER

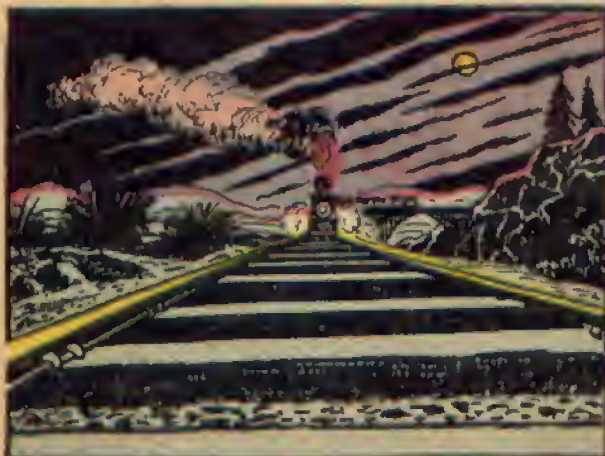
THE



THE STRANGER CAME FROM NOWHERE WITH CRASHING FISTS AND SMOKING SIX-SHOOTERS THAT STRUCK FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE! BUT THE OWLHOOTS OF THE TERRITORY SMILED AT HIS COMING — BECAUSE AT LAST THEY HAD FOUND A MAN WHO COULD STAND UP AGAINST **THEIR WORST ENEMY** — A MAN WHO COULD SHOOT TO KILL HIS "

## Target: Ghost Rider!

WITH A BIG LOAD OF GOLD BULLION IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR, THE LINCOLN LIMITED HURTTLES THROUGH THE NIGHT...



THUH TRAIN'LL CRASH AS SOON AS IT HITS THUH RIPPED-UP RAILG! AN' EVEN BEFORE THUH DUST SETTLES, I WANT EVERY LAST ONE OF YUH HEADED FER THUH BAGGAGE-CAR WHAR THET GOLD IS!



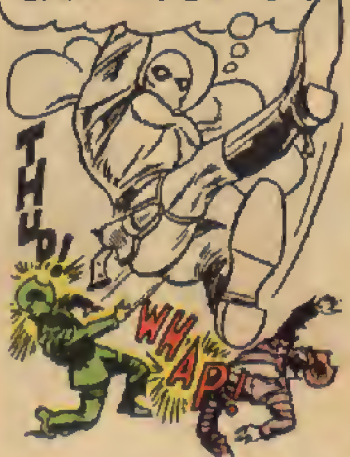
...CHUGGING AND PUFFING TOWARDS DESTRUCTION!



BUT SUDDENLY, PLUMMETING  
DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT  
COMES—



ALL NIGHT HAVE I  
PATROLLED THE  
TRACKS, FEARFUL  
THAT VILLAINS SUCH  
AS THESE WOULD BE  
TEMPTED BY THE  
GLEAMING BULLION!

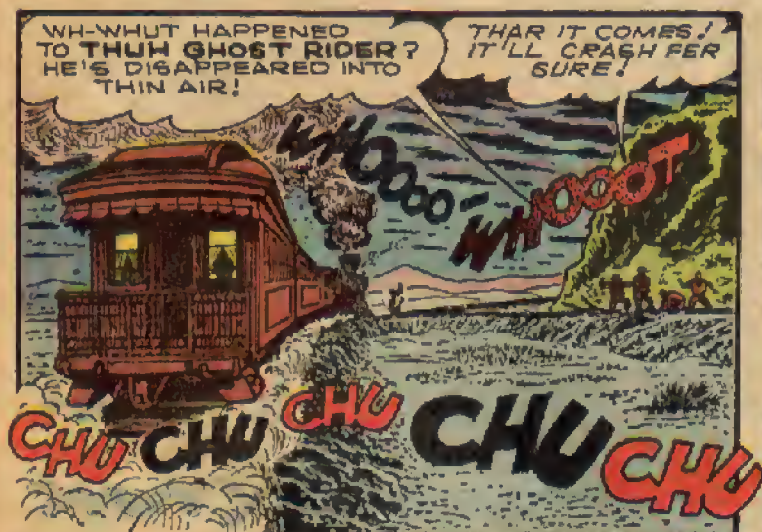


KEEP HIM BUSY, MEN!  
DON'T GIVE HIM A  
CHANCE TO FLAG  
THUH TRAIN DOWN!



WH-WHUT HAPPENED  
TO THUH GHOST RIDER?  
HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO  
THIN AIR!

THAR IT COMES!  
IT'LL CRASH FER  
SURE!



BUT  
THEN—

THIS SWITCH! IT'S  
THE TRAIN'S ONLY  
CHANCE!

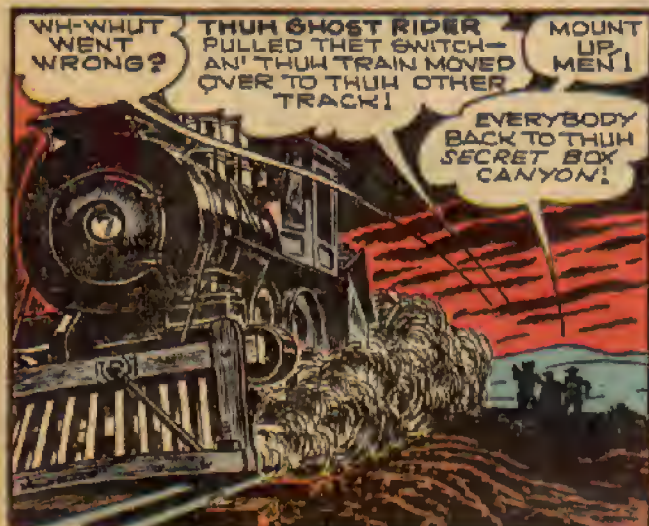


WH-WHUT  
WENT  
WRONG?

THUH GHOST RIDER  
PULLED THET SWITCH—  
AN' THUH TRAIN MOVED  
OVER TO THUH OTHER  
TRACK!

MOUNT  
UP,  
MEN!

EVERYBODY  
BACK TO THUH  
SECRET BOX  
CANYON!



NOW TO REVERSE MY CAPE AGAIN,  
AND RENDER MYSELF VISIBLE! TOO  
BAD THAT SPECTRE WAITS  
ABOVE—OTHERWISE, I COULD  
GIVE CHASE TO THE FOUL  
VILLAINS!



BEHIND HIS MASK, THE GHOST RIDER  
SMILES WARMLY. THE TRAIN HAS BEEN  
SAVED. THE PASSENGERS AND THE  
BULLION ARE SAFE! BUT IF HE KNEW  
THE GRIM CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT  
WILL RESULT FROM THIS NIGHT'S  
WORK, THAT SMILE WOULD VANISH  
QUICKLY!



THAT SAME NIGHT, AFTER THE OWLHOOTS HAVE PULLED REIN IN THEIR SECRET BOX CANYON—



ARE WE GONNA KEEP LETTIN' ONE MAN HOG-TIE US? EVERY-TIME WE TRY TO PULL A JOB, THUH GHOST RIDER BUSTS IT UP! I'M TELLIN' YUH, THET SPOOK HAS TA BE GUNNED DOWN!

YUH GOT THUH RIGHT IDEER, BOSS— BUT WHO ARE YUH GONNA GIT TO CLEAR LEATHER AGAINST THUH GHOST RIDER?



WHO...? WHO...? THE QUESTION ECHOES MOCKINGLY OFF THE STEEP CANYON WALLS AS ICY FINGERS OF FEAR CLUTCH AT THE OWLHOOTS' HEARTS!

A WEEK LATER, IN THE LAST CHANCE SALOON IN NEARBY RED GULCH—



OW!

WHUT'S THUH IDEER OF— GNNNG!

THUH IDEER'S PLAIN AN' SIMPLE— WHEN JEB HAWKINS WALKS INTO A JOINT, HE DON'T STOP TO LOOK WHO'S COMIN' THUH OTHER WAY!



YUH HAD NO CALL TO HIT HIM, STRANGER!

DON'T CROWD ME! IF YUH TAKE ANOTHER STEP, SOMEBODY'S GONNA GIT HURT AN' IT WON'T BE ME!



YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, HANK? THET HOMBRE'S TOUGH!

SUMPTIN' TELLS ME WE'RE LOOKIN' AT THUH MAN WHO'S GONNA CLEAR LEATHER AGAINST THUH GHOST RIDER!





WHEN THE ROUGH-AND-READY STRANGER  
QUITS THE SALOON —



WE'LL TRAIL HIM TILL  
I GIVE THUH WORD —

NOW!

HEY!



WHEW! HE'S EVEN  
TOUGHER 'N I THOUGHT!  
HADDA WHAM HIM MORE 'N  
A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE  
HE BLACKED OUT!

Y-YUH SURE HE'S  
TIED UP **REAL**  
**TIGHT**? I'D  
HATE TO HAVE  
HIM GIT LOOSE  
ON THE WAY TO  
THUH HIDEOUT!



WATER —

WHY  
I'LL —!

TAKE IT EASY, STRANGER!  
WE GOT A DOZEN ARMED  
GUARDS AT THUH  
ENTRANCE TO THIS BOX  
CANYON! AN' THERE'S  
MORE GUNS AIMED AT YORE  
BELLY RIGHT NOW THAN A  
MONGREL'S GOT FLEAS!  
NOW LISTEN WHILE I MAKE  
YUH A PROPOSITION!



YUH GOT YORE CHOICE!  
EITHER WE SHOOT  
YUH FULL OF HOLES,  
OR YUH AGREE TO  
GUN DOWN THUH  
GHOST RIDER FER  
US! WHICH WILL  
IT BE?



FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE  
STRANGER SAYS NOTHING  
AT ALL. THEN —

I'M YORE  
MAN! WHAR  
DOES THIS  
GHOST  
RIDER  
HANG  
OUT?

NOT SO FAST —  
THAR'S NOT  
GONNA BE ANY  
SLIP-UPS!  
BEFORE YUH  
TACKLE HIM,  
YUH'RE GONNA  
GO INTO  
TRAININ'!



SO THE TRAINING STARTS! AND  
FIRST THE STRANGER SHOWS  
HOW HE CAN HANDLE HIS  
SIX-SHOOTERS —



BY SCORING A PERFECT GROUP ON  
A MOVING TARGET PAINTED TO  
LOOK LIKE THE GHOST RIDER!



NEXT, HIS LARIAT WHIPS THROUGH THE AIR  
LIKE AN ANGRY SNAKE...



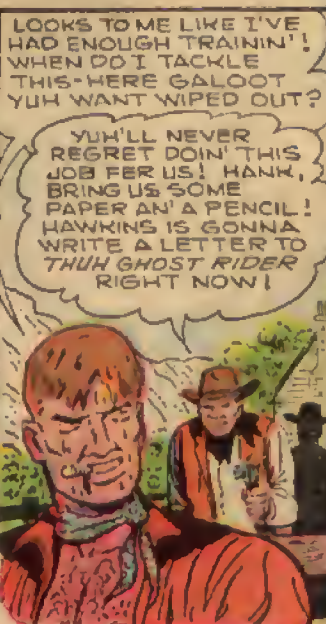
...AND COILS AROUND A MOVING DUMMY  
PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE **THE GHOST RIDER**!

AT FIST FIGHTING AND WRESTLING, THERE ARE  
NO **THREE MEN** IN THE GANG WHO CAN STAND  
UP TO HIM AT ONE TIME!



WAL...  
WHUT  
DO YUH  
THINK,  
BOSS?

**THUH GHOST  
RIDER** DON'T STAND  
A CHANCE! THIS  
HAWKINS IS  
HUMAN DYNAMITE!



LOOKS TO ME LIKE I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH TRAININ'!  
WHEN DO I TACKLE  
THIS HERE GALOOT  
YUH WANT WIPE OUT?

YUH'LL NEVER  
REGRET DOIN' THIS  
JOB FER US! HANK,  
BRING US SOME  
PAPER AN' A PENCIL!  
HAWKINS IS GONNA  
WRITE A LETTER TO  
**THUH GHOST RIDER**  
RIGHT NOW!

THAT NIGHT, A GRIM  
CHALLENGE IS TACKED  
TO THE DOOR OF THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN  
RED GULCH!



GHOST RIDER —  
FIGHT ME IF YOU DARE  
AT MARSHAL GAP  
TOMORROW NIGHT AFTER  
SUNDOWN.

*Jed  
Hawkins*

THE GHOST RIDER ACCEPTS THE  
CHALLENGE! IT IS THE NEXT  
NIGHT NOW... AND THE SPECTRAL  
FOE OF EVIL IS PULLING REIN  
OUTSIDE MARSHAL GAP!



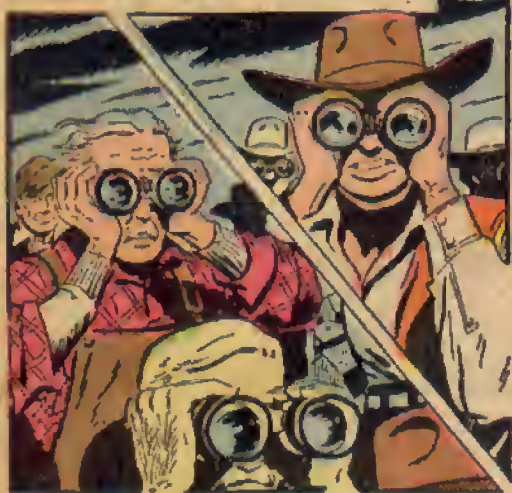
DISMOUNTED, HE ENTERS THE GAP AND WALKS  
TOWARDS WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE THICKEST...



...TOWARDS WHERE JEB HAWKINS STANDS WAITING!



ALL EYES IN THE TERRITORY ARE TRAINED ON MARSHAL GAP! THE LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE WATCH PRAYERFULLY... THE OWLHOOTS SNEER AS THEY RAISE THEIR FIELD GLASSES!



THEN-



AND A MOMENT LATER -



HE GOT HIM, MEN! THAR AIN'T NOTHIN' TO STAND IN OUR WAY NOW! LET'S START BY TAKIN' OVER RED GULCH!

YIPPEEE!

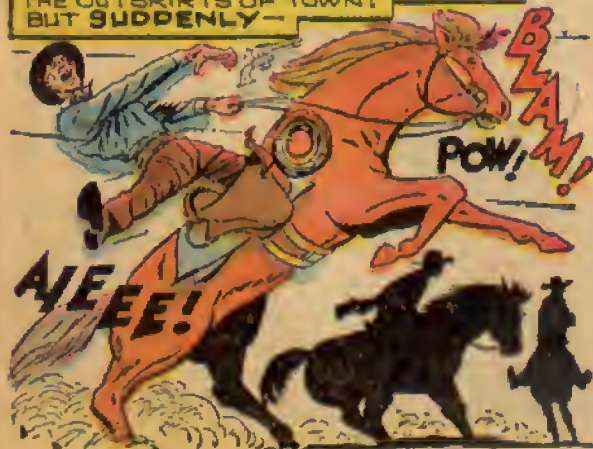
BLAM!  
HI YOO!  
YI YI!  
HOO HA!



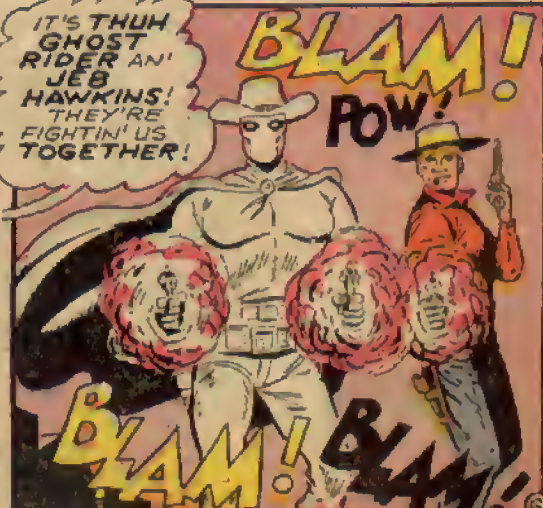
THE LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE HAVE NO CHOICE! THEY KNOW WHAT THE DEATH OF THE GHOST RIDER MEANS - UNRESTRAINED OWLHOOT SAVAGERY! GRIMLY, THEY BEGIN PULLING OUT...



THE OWLHOOTS ARE STILL WHOOPING TRIUMPHANTLY WHEN THEY REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! BUT SUDDENLY -



IT'S THUH GHOST RIDER AN' JEB HAWKINS! THEY'RE FIGHTIN' US TOGETHER!





DON'T PANIC, MEN! IF WE KEEP OUR HEADS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GIT THEM BOTH! HANK, TAKE A GROUP AROUND THUH BACK — AN' WE'LL RUSH THEM FROM ALL SIDES!

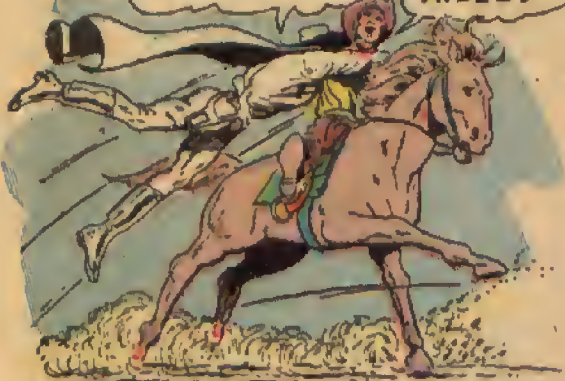


BUT THE GHOST RIDER AND HAWKINS, STANDING BACK TO BACK, KEEP SPRAYING LEAD WITH AWESOME ACCURACY!



THE MOMENT HAS COME AT LAST, WHEN LURED FROM YOUR WELL-GUARDED CANYON, YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO MY COLD-AS-DEATH CLUTCHES!

AIEEE!



BUT THEN—!

HAWKINS IS DOWN! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING FAST!



MY BLACK LARIAT CANNOT BE SEEN IN THE DARK... BUT ITS FLIGHT IS TRUE AND SWIFT AS A FALCON'S!

OWW!

HEY!

WHUT THUH?



LATER—

YOU ARE A CREDIT TO ALL FEDERAL MARSHALS, HAWKINS. LEAVING YOUR BADGE BEHIND, YOU CAME TO THE TERRITORY AND POSED AS A GUNHAND SO THE OWLHOOTS WOULD LET YOU JOIN THEIR GANG. BUT ONCE INSIDE THEIR STRONGHOLD, YOU FOUND YOURSELF TOO WELL GUARDED TO DO ANYTHING BUT GO ALONG WITH THEIR PLANS. HOWEVER, USING DOUBLE-THICKNESS ON THE LETTERS I'VED MARSHAL'S IN YOUR CHALLENGE, YOU CONVEYED YOUR IDENTITY TO ME...

AN' THEN WE STAGED THUH FAKE DUEL TO BRING THUH OWLHOOTS OUT OF HIDIN' SO WE COULD CLEAN THEM UP...!

SO LONG, GHOST RIDER—AN' THANKS FER SAVIN' MY LIFE!







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# TALES *of the* GHOST RIDER

DEATH — THE DREAD FINALITY OF A MOULDERING GRAVE — WAS BUT INSTANTS AWAY FROM CRAVEN, DYING LAFE FOGARTY! AND THEN IT CAME... THE OPPORTUNITY TO *LIVE* AGAIN — AND BECOME AN INVINCIBLE KILLER. THUS BEGAN THE EERIE TALE OF...

## THE FASTEST GUNMAN in the CEMETARY!



LAFE LIES ALONE IN THE ENSHROUDING DARKNESS OF THE GRAVEYARD... ALONE EXCEPT FOR HIS TERROR AND THE SHADOW OF APPROACHING DEATH! AND AS HIS LIFE — BLOOD STAINS THE SOIL, LAFE HYSTERICALLY SOBS A DIRGE OF DESPAIR...







AWRK!...  
SLIM BANION'S  
GH-GHOST!!  
WH-WHUT DO  
YUH MEAN... I  
DON'T HAFTA  
DIE?!

JEST WHUT I SAID,  
FOGARTY! I KIN GIVE  
YUH BACK YORE LIFE!  
BUT I'M NO FOOL!  
NATCHULLY, I AIN'T  
HANKERIN' T'DO THIS  
KIND DEED FER FREE!



WHUT'S  
YORE  
PRICE?

NOT MUCH, FELLER!  
AGREE T'LET ME DO  
WHUTEVER I PLEASE  
TO YUH, ONE YEAR  
FROM T'DAY, AN'  
YOU'N ME HAS GOT  
US A DEAL!

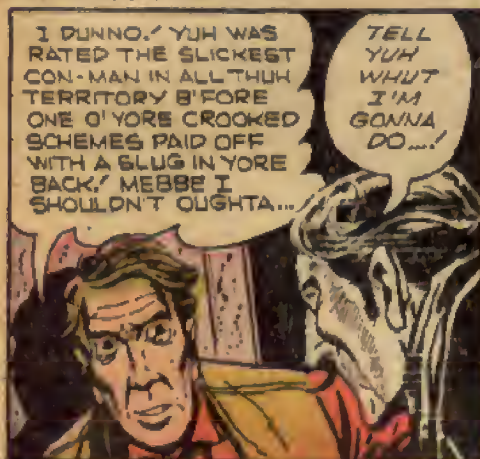
DESPERATE AS HE IS TO CLING TO  
THIS MORTAL EXISTENCE, LAFE  
CANNOT HELP EXPERIENCING A  
CHILLING DOUBT AS HE STARES AT  
THE ENIGMATICALLY SMIRKING  
APPARITION...



I WAS ALSO THE  
FASTEST LEAD-  
SLINGER IN ALL  
THESE PARTS. AS A  
SPECIAL IN-DOOC-MENT,  
I TOSS IN A LI'L GUMPIN'  
EXTREE! NOT ONLY WILL  
I BRING YUH BACK TO  
LIFE... BUT I'LL SHOOT  
DOWN ANY CRITTER YUH  
HAVE GUN-TROUBLE  
WITH! AN' NO ONE WILL  
EVER KNOW IT'S ME  
WHUT'S SHOOTIN'!  
THEY'LL ALL THINK  
IT'S YOU!

IT'S A GIN-U-WINE,  
HONEST-TO-GOODNESS  
BARGAIN, SON!  
BETTER GRAB IT  
QUICK, B'FORE I  
WITHDRAWS IT! IT  
AIN'T EVERYDAY A  
COWARD HAS A  
CHANCE TO BE  
A HERO!

YUH'VE  
GOT  
YERSELF  
A DEAL,  
GHOST!



I DUNNO. YUH WAS  
RATED THE SLICKEST  
CON-MAN IN ALL THUH  
TERRITORY B'FORE  
ONE O' YORE CROOKED  
SCHEMES PAID OFF  
WITH A SLUG IN YORE  
BACK. MEBBE I  
SHOULDN'T OUGHTA...

TELL  
YUH  
WHUT  
I'M  
GONNA  
DO...!



PROMISE, BAH, AT THUH  
END O' THUH YEAR, I'LL  
TELL MR. SPOOK TO GO  
CHASE HISSELF.



AN INSTANT  
LATER...

N-NOT ONE  
SOLITARY  
BULLET-HOLE  
IN ME! I'M  
ALIVE AND  
UNHARMED!

... SEE?  
IT'S JUST  
LIKE I  
SAID IT'D  
BE!

AND AS LAFE JUBILANTLY STRIDES OUT  
OF THE CEMETERY, STUNNED BY THE  
MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCE...

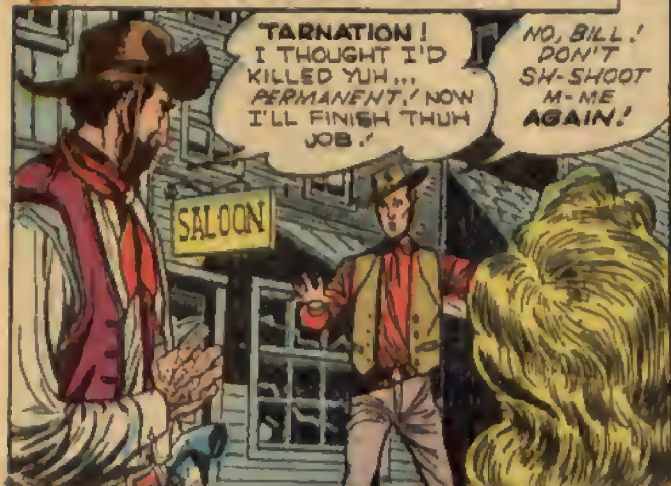


WHY'RE YUH  
FOLLOWIN' ME,  
GHOST?

GOTTA KEEP MUH  
EYE ON MUH  
INVESTMENT!  
DON'T WORRY, SON!  
I'M INVISIBLE  
TO EVERYONE BUT  
YOU!



LATER - OUTSIDE THE HAPPY CHANCE SALOON...



TARNATION!  
I THOUGHT I'D  
KILLED YUH...  
PERMANENT! NOW  
I'LL FINISH THUH  
JOB!

NO, BILL!  
DON'T  
SH-SHOOT  
M-ME  
AGAIN!



EEE!

...DON'T  
SHOOT  
ME...



?!!

OH-HH,  
I GIT IT  
NOW...

DIDJA  
SEE  
THET?!

LAFE  
DREW,  
FIRED,  
AND  
PUT  
AWAY HIS  
GUNS SO  
FAST, IT  
LOOKED  
LIKE HE  
WARNT  
EVEN  
TOUCHIN'  
'EM.

WOW!  
HE'S  
THUH  
FASTEST  
GUNMAN  
ALIVE!



LAFE, HONEY, I'M  
GLAD YOU WON THE  
GUNFIGHT. YOU'RE  
MY KIND OF...  
YAW-WA!

GIT AWAY FROM  
ME, LOLA, WITH  
THUH REP I GIT  
FROM THIS HERE  
GUN-BATTLE, THUH  
GALS WILL FIGHT  
TO BE SEEN WITH  
LAFE FOGARTY!



A PREDICTION THAT COMES TRUE!  
BUT LAFE'S NEW REPUTATION AS  
DANGEROUS KILLER GOES TO HIS  
HEAD. TO GAIN EVEN GREATER  
EMINENCE, HE ENGAGES IN AN  
EVER-INCREASING SERIES OF  
GUN-DUELS...

LOOK!  
NO HANDS!

HEE!  
HEE!

LAFE FOGARTY, SNIFFLING COWARD, BECOMES KNOWN AS THE FASTEST, MOST DEADLY GUNMAN IN ALL THE WEST.



'HAW,' LOOKIT  
'EM CROSSIN' THUH  
STREET TO AVOID  
ME, LIKE SKERRED  
JACK-RABBITS. BET  
THEY'D JUMP CLEAR  
OUTTA THEIR SKIN  
IF I SNAPPED MUH  
FINGERS. 'HAW!



COWED STOREKEEPERS AND CATTLEMEN PAY LAFE HUGE SUMS TO STAY AWAY FROM THEM. BUT, FINALLY, THERE ARRIVES A FATEFUL NIGHT OF RECKONING!

DIDNT I TELL  
YUH TO QUIT HANGIN'  
AROUND? WHAT DO  
YOU WANT NOW?

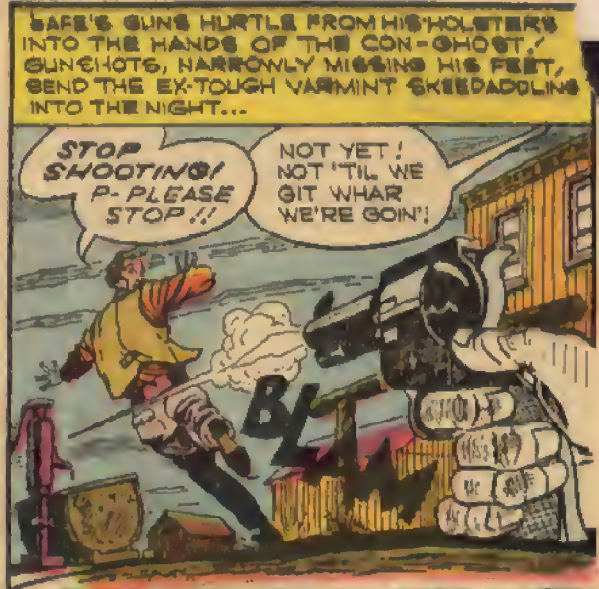
THUH YEAR IS  
UP, LAFE! YUH'VE  
HAD YER FUN! NOW  
I'VE COME TO  
COLLECT!





YUH AIN'T COLLECTIN' **NOTHIN'** FROM ME! GIT OUTTA HERE! I DONT NEED YUH NO MORE!

HA-HAAAA! Lissen to THUH BIG, BAD MAN TALK!



**STOP SHOOTING!** P- PLEASE STOP!!

NOT YET! NOT 'TIL WE GIT WHAR WE'RE GOIN'!

LAFE'S GUNS HURTL FROM HIS HOLSTERS INTO THE HANDS OF THE CON-GHOST. GUNSHOT6, NARROWLY MISSING HIS FEET, SEND THE EX-TOUGH VARMIN'T SPEEDADDOLING INTO THE NIGHT...

LAFE CHARGES ALONG IN A MAD FRENZY OF FEAR. SUDDENLY, AS THE CHASE ENDS, HE BECOMES SICKENINGLY AWARE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS...



THUH CEMETERY! WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY?

YUH MADE ME A PROMISE A YEAR AGO T'DAY, SON. A PROMISE TO LET ME DO WHUTEVER I PLEASE WITH YUH! WHETHER YUH LIKE IT OR NOT, YUH'RE **KEEPIN'** THE PROMISE!



WH-WHUT ARE--?

I'M STEALIN' YORE **PHYSICAL SUBSTANCE**, THET'S ALL, PODNER!

OUT OF THE CEMETERY JAUNTILY STROLLS THE MATERIAL FORM OF **SLIM BANION**.



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**SWINDLED! GYPED!** I'VE BIN **BILKED** OUTTA MUH BODY!

POOR LAFE! HE DIDN'T HAVE A **GHOST** OF A CHANCE, DID HE? HA HA HA HAAAAAAAAA

THE END



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